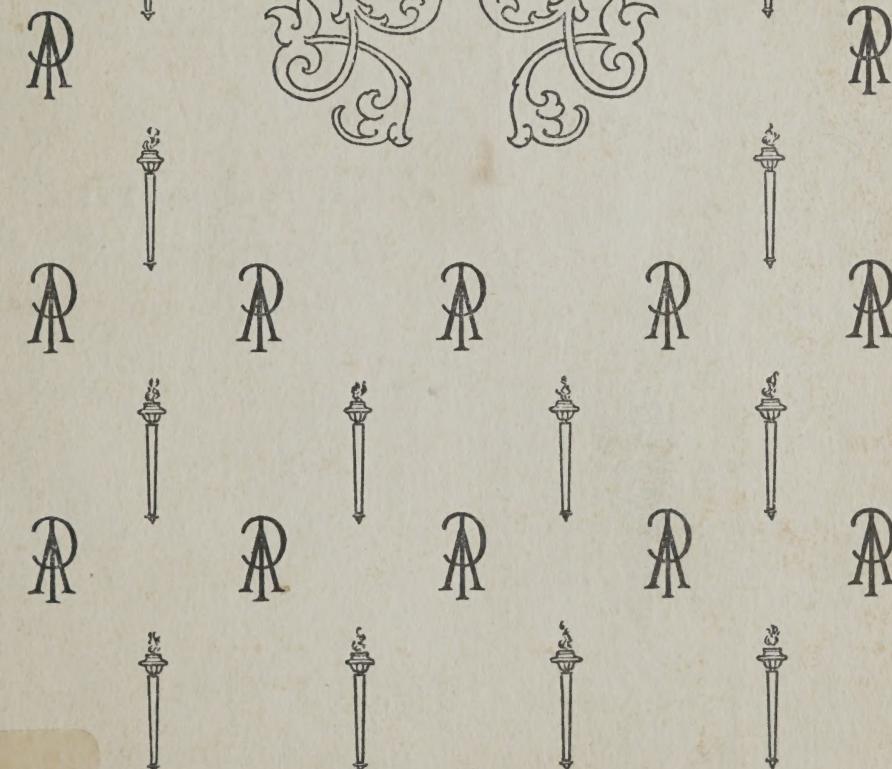


THE
PINKERTON
CRITIC
PINKERTON ACADEMY

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER

1923



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The Pinkerton Critic

VOL. XIV

DERRY, N. H., JUNE 1923

No. 4

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Editorial

Here it is again! Graduation time. We are, of course, inexpressibly sorry to lose our loyal and valuable Senior class. However, it cannot be helped, and we earnestly hope that a good-sized P. G. class will be with us next year, for it would seem unbearably lonesome without some of our beloved Seniors.

We will have, nevertheless, our amusing Freshmen class, as usual, to help us forget our sad loss. But, are we going to use our "Freshies" only as an amusement? No! Let us do our utmost to make the class of '27 a class of unusual credit to themselves and to dear old Pinkerton.

The upper classmen are, in a great part, responsible for the success or failure of a Freshmen class. So, let us, we who have been here before and are well acquainted with the customs of the school, impart, from the first, to the class of '27 a sense of school spirit, which shall remain constant and sin-

cere throughout their entire school life.

But let us remember, that, before we can impart school spirit, which is the foundation of the success of a school, to others, we must be overflowing with it ourselves. We must make ourselves worthy examples for the Freshmen to follow. It is only natural for new students in any school to copy the habits of the upper classmen.

We are losing, in our graduating class, a fine set of athletes, and although we have some left, they will not be sufficient, unless aided by new material to uphold the splendid records made this year. We do not know what material is coming in our Freshmen class, but we do know that there is a large amount of undeveloped material in the three classes now attending.

It is only the lack of school spirit that is keeping this material from becoming first class athletes, of whom P. A. might truly be proud. Then let us make the class of '27

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feel it their duty to push our school activities and prepare for the years when they will be the upper class men.

They should feel it fully as essential to attend a game or debate, in which Pinkerton

is involved, as to attend their classes. So, let us strongly impress upon their minds, and above all let us, ourselves, live up to the motto:—"Always boost P. A., never knock it."

Class History

When the harvest moon was waning, four long years ago, the tribe of 1923, with 93 "Freshies" first came into these beautiful "Hunting Grounds" to raise their wigwams. The Freshmen's first day in the "Hunting grounds" was full of interesting happenings. Everything seemed so very strange and they wondered if they would ever feel as much at home as the self-satisfied Sophomores. The work seemed hard at first, but as the days went by they became more and more accustomed to their new life and learned to appreciate the opportunities which were theirs. They had come to these Hunting Grounds to find and grasp the education which is so unselfishly given to all who desire it. Their days were filled with frolic, and fun, and work that was well worthwhile.

After the first week or so, they held a tribal meeting and chose for their leaders: Kenneth Senter as chief, Abbott Burdett for his assistant and Lucy Barker, Keeper of the Wampum and records. A Medicine-man to advise them, was indispensable, in this new tribe, and so they chose from the "learned ones" Mr. Foxall. After a lengthy discussion on tribal colors, a decision was reached, and a banner of blue and white was made and later unfurled in their big "Council Hall."

Before the year was over, both their chief and his assistant left the tribe and those freshies chose Henry Bartlett and Shepard Senter to fill the vacancies.

On June 16, they left the Hunting Grounds for a vacation through the summer, but on September 14, 1920, the tribe returned for another year of work and good times to-

gether. They had been so well satisfied with Henry Bartlett as their chief that he was reelected. They elected Harold Low for his assistant and Lucy Barker to keep the wampum and records. They had become quite attached to their Medicine-man and so he also was reelected.

The tribe came back too, strong and imbued already with a sense of responsibility, took upon themselves the task of teaching the Freshmen tribe, good manners. This was no small job! for they were a very large tribe and in open warfare could have utterly scathed the tribe of '23. But, as it was, the two tribes survived and smoked the Pipe of Peace.

On October 30, the tribe of '23 gave a Hallowe'en party to the rest of the tribes in the Hunting ground. Our Medicine-man gave an exhibition of his skill at swinging the Indian Clubs, and one of the girls of the tribe danced.

Witches danced along the walls, cats walked among the cornstalks, and a witch flew up to the moon. Skeletons and Jack o'lanterns finished the decorations. When all the "Indians" left the dance, to go to their wigwams they remarked that it was the best Hallowe'en party ever given in the Hunting Grounds.

Time flew by and the Sophomore year ended. They had now become fully adjusted to their life in the Hunting Ground, rich in meaning, full of activities which bound them more firmly to their "Big Wigwam of the Learned Ones."

Junior year came and the tribe returned to find itself sadly lacking in numbers and accepting their full share in the responsibilities as upper classmen.

Before leaving the Hunting Grounds in June they had held a meeting of the tribe and elected their officers. The Chief and his assistant, and keeper of the wampum, remained the same, but Gertrude Leighton was added to the force, as keeper of the records. Their medicine-man had left them during the summer and so it was necessary to elect another. Miss Plumer, one of the learned ones of the faculty, consented to advise them in their tribal activities. The first important event was a sleigh-ride, on Jan 7. The tribe went to Chester and had a glorious time. They danced and played games and ate, to their hearts' content.

Several moons had passed and the tribe had not stirred from their haunts on the hill. It was about the middle of February that the stately tribe of Juniors gave a masquerade to the other tribes. 'Twas then that they decked themselves with feathers and besmirched themselves with paint. Those Indians danced and danced till the blood ran cold in their veins.

The Juniors decorated the church for Baccalaureate Sunday and also the stage, for the Senior pageant. So ends the Junior year, thought by some to be the best year spent in the Hunting Grounds. It certainly was one of the fullest and richest that they ever will spend.

And now many many moons have passed, and the tribe of '23 is far smaller than in earlier days. In the last year of its history as a member of the "Pinkertons" only 53 members have survived the battles and wars of the tribe. Assuming a dignity which is befitting a tribe so noble and of so exalted a position, the tribe called itself the Seniors.

The tribe reelected the same leaders and also chose a motto which is "Non confectus, sed initus—Not the end but the beginning."

Early in the harvest season, these Seniors went on their corn Roast to Mr. Day's farm in East Derry. It was indeed an ideal spot. When the flames leaped high and the sun hung low in the evening sky, the tribe sat around the council fire and roasted corn and

marshmallows, and ate and ate, and ate. Then they sang and told stories and gave many of their "Indian War Cries." Even though a thunder shower did break up the party, all agreed they'd had a "never to be forgotten time."

September 22 they gave a reception to the Freshmen tribe of '26 and there is no doubt but that the Freshies felt pretty much at home in the big beautiful Hunting Grounds after that evening.

On Jan. 17, when the wind shrilled loudly and the air was cold, and the snow was deep on the ground—The Seniors gathered in large numbers to go on a sleigh ride to Chester, (Chester always was a pretty good place for a sleigh-ride)! It was a ~~great~~ ^{event} which most of the tribe will always remember especially those who happened to be "at the bottom of the pile" when the sleigh tipped over! And from all reports that list includes nearly every member of the tribe. They danced and danced to the Tom-Tom's beat and had a delicious feast. The braves and squaws murmured low weird chants which rose to haunting wails. The wind shrieked on and the snow shone white, in the cold still light of the moon.

Jan. 26th the "Council Hall" was crowded to its capacity to see the play "The Touchdown" given by the Tribe of '23. Everyone said that it was the best Senior play ever given at the Hunting Grounds.

As a tribal gift to the school; a painting of Roosevelt, one of America's greatest heroes, was presented by the chief of the Senior tribe.

In March the braves of the tribe appeared in the "Great Mock Trial" and everyone who saw this will agree that many of those taking part, were very good looking squaws.

April 23rd the Seniors renewed their childhood days and held a Kid party. They looked much the same and some even younger, than they did during their first days in the Hunting Grounds of Pinkerton. Apparently they enjoyed their second childhood.

May 18th and 19th nearly all the members

of the tribe, with their Medicine-man (who were to hold no more Tribal parties. It was then a woman) and several other Heap Big Chiefs from the faculty landed in Boston to see the big City. They visited the

was their list, as students in the Hunting Grounds, but they hope for reunions in years to come.

State House, Harvard Library, Museum and Stadium, and saw the Harvard crews race,

the tribe of '23 presented the Baccalaureate Sermon.

Theatre, visited the Herald Press and Charlestown Navy yard and went to the top of

Custom House Tower. It was an interesting trip and enjoyed by all who went. It

was rumored that some of the members of the tribe wished they could have worn their moccasins!

Steadily and constantly the Seniors have worked and striven to keep up to the standard set by their worthy predecessors, and

Custom House Tower. It was an interesting trip and enjoyed by all who went. It

are fast becoming of studious and serious turn of mind.

Another day and the tribe must leave its

happy hill-top, to see a broader Hunting

Following the traditions established of old, by former Pinkerton tribes the Seniors

Ground; where it may carry on further progress in the field, of high endeavor re-

went this year to Angle Pond to hold

membering the motto—that it is "Not the

their Pow-wow. They had a jolly good time

end, but the beginning."

but it was filled with the thought that they

Athletic Report.

On April third, Coach Harvell gave the call for candidates, in base ball and spring track. A good number responded and work

was started at once.

The first baseball game of the season was with the Alumni on April 25. The younger

The next game was scheduled for April 28, with the team from Stearn's School. How-

ever this game had to be cancelled because

On May 2nd the Nashua High Baseball team came to Derry and defeated Pinker-

The first track meet of the season was

held on May 5th between Nashua High, Man-

chester High and Pinkerton. This meet

was run off satisfactorily before a fairly

large number of spectators. Pinkerton won

On May 11th both the track and baseball

teams went to Durham. The baseball team

was defeated by the State Freshmen by a

score of 6 to 1. The next day, the 12th,

Pinkerton met many schools in the U. of N. H. Interscholastics.

Pinkerton won this meet getting 39 1/4 points to Tilton's 36 1/4. Rice, K. Bartlett,

and Stewart were the principal winners for P. A. scoring 24 points. P. A. also won

the Relay championship. These two cham-

pionships entitled Pinkerton to two fine sil-

baseball team to Nashua and it was defeat-

ed for a third time. Coach Harvell decided

to cancel baseball for this year, because of

the lack of interest in that sport.

The Kiwanis State Track Meet, was held in Manchester May 26. There were 14 schools entered.

This meet was the largest of the season. Pinkerton won with twice as many points as

the next school. P. A. also won 14 cups in

this meet. Of these the School keeps four.

For one year, the rest go to the individuals

who won them.

Pinkerton also won this meet having 69 and two-thirds to Tilton's 29 and one-third.

Pinkerton should be proud of its undefeated track team. Come out next year and back up the teams better.

Mr. Harvell is looking forward to a better football season next fall than we had last. Come out and work. Let's go!

The track team was as follows:

Captain, Rice; K. Bartlett; H. Bartlett; E. Eddy, H. Huntoon, T. Stewart, L. Brooks, M. Read, R. Littlefield, H. Wiggins, H. Bloomfield, H. Hodgkins, R. Martin, A. Frost, L. Sherman, U. Bailey, S. Morrison, L. Whitney, and L. Latulippe.

R. L. B. '25

PINKERTON ACADEMY—TILTON SCHOOL

100-yard Dash—1st K. Bartlett, P. A., 2nd T. Stewart, P. A., 3rd Bond. Time 11 sec.

220-yard Dash—1st K. Bartlett P. A., 2nd Peters T. S., 3rd Huntoon P. A. Time 24 sec.

440-yard Run—1st Rice P. A., 2nd Peters T. S., 3rd Huntoon P. A. Time 56 and one-fifth sec.

880-yard Run—1st Rice P. A., 2nd Read P. A., 3rd Thoits T. S. Time 2 min. 15 sec.

Mile Run—1st Littlefield P. A., 2nd Read P. A., 3rd Weeks T. S. Time 4 min. 57 and two-fifths seconds.

100-yard Hurdles—1st Peters T. S., 2nd Brooks P. A., 3rd Eddy P. A. Time 13 and two-fifths sec.

Shot put—1st H. Bartlett P. A., 2nd Grady T. S., 3rd Hodgkins P. A. Distance 40 feet 3 and one-half inches.

Discus Throw—1st Grady T. S., 2nd Wiggins P. A., 3rd Hodgkins P. A. Distance 106 feet 9 inches.

High jump—1st Frost P. A., 2nd Peters T. S., 3rd Bond T. S., Sherman P. A., Wiggins P. A. Rice. Height 5 feet 1 and one-half inches.

Broad Jump—1st Stewart P. A., 2nd K. Bartlett P. A., 3rd Coffin T. S. Distance 18 feet 6 inches.

Pole Vault—1st Stewart P. A., 2nd Allsworth T. S., 3rd Martin P. A. Height 10 feet 3 inches.

Peters 14, Grady 8, Stewart 13, K. Bartlett 13, Rice 18. P. A. 69-2-3. T. S. 29 1-3.

Characteristics.

To the class of 1923.

I deliver these messages with glee,
And hope each pun intended
Will be taken in fun
As intended by me.

There is a girl in our class called "Winnie".
We love her because she's so pretty.
She's sweet and she's fair.
And we dare say it's rare.
You find a dear girl like our "Winnie".

President Bartlett—I must say
Here upon this joyous day,
Is forgiving, kind, and loving too,
Sincere and honest, sterling true.

Verna is fair
And lovely too

With golden hair
And eyes of blue.

Someone amusing
Someone not skinny
And who could it be
But our lovable "Jimmy".

Collecting money has been her work
And believe me she's been no shirk.
For four years she's helped us, you see.
This faithful young secretary—"Our Lucy".

Her last name is Bagley
Her first name is Bee.
She sings like a bird
Which is charming to me.

Pokie is a ladies' man.

He's got a wicked eye
But when he tries to hold their hand
They just exclaim: "Oh My!"

Bee Hartford is tiny and shy
And all of the rest of us wonder why,
She dresses so cute and neat
That I'm stune she'd be hard to beat.

Evelyn Bolton I've heard them say
Goes to the movies every day,
No need to wonder who He can be—
Watch out and you will plainly see.

Kennie Bartlett is his name
And he also has great fame.
As a runner he can't be beat
But as for women, they are his defeat.

Virginia is as cute as a doll
And she's sure to be seen at every ball.
She has many friends both boys and girls
And they love her like diamonds and pearls.

She's cunning; she's stunning,
She's nice as can be
She's kind, she's loving
For 'tis Mary Parks you see.

John Feindlaur is a sledog.
He can run and jump and also clog,
But the place he shows his talent most
Is on the sofa with his girl held close.

Who is the girl good matured and fair
She's tall and slender and has blonde hair;
Most of us call her our Darling Squeeze
But I know and you know her name is Louise

She's just a little Irish rose
The dearest one that grows
She's always cheerful and gay
This little Irish rose called May.

Stanley Morrison is a terrible monster
He's MUCH larger than the moon
But if you want to hear a songster,
Just listen to this merry tune.

Emma Schultz has flaxen hair
Her eyes are like the heavens—blue
And a girl like Emma is very rare

Because she is so kind and true.

Malcolm Spottiswoode is exceedingly tall.
He grows just like a weed
And if you doubt this fact at all
Just go and watch him feed.

Bobby is her nickname
She's always just the same
A smile for you and a smile for me
Is the way she thinks 'tis best to be.

Muriel Church for four long years
Has been with the '23 dears;
She has been faithful and true
To the banner of white and blue.

Tommy Stewart is an athlete
And a sure bet in every meet
As for studies he wins the cake
For all the honors he's sure to take.

Myrabel Condon is tall and thin
And has the fairest of skin;
She comes to school rain or shine
But I've never seen her take the Chester
line.

Edith Watson so they say
Comes from Chester every day
To learn to cook and sew,
As she's planning for her beau.

"Hick" Wiggins is broad and tall
And throws a wicked ball
Which Coach Harvell thinks a better way
Than dancing with the girls all day.

'Tis time to do my duty
And pick the class beauty.
I'm sure you'll all agree
For 'tis Rose Cohen I present to thee.

Evelyn Whipple has two big dimples,
Like the stars her bright eyes twinkle
And if she should rain sweet smiles on you
I'm sure you'd fall for the dimples too.

Frosty has a mighty dandy flivver
Climbs the hills and runs the river
One called May and one called Mary
Drove with him from Chester to Derry.

Addie Davis comes from Auburn

She is as gay as any robin;
She has never missed a day
And that is more than I can say.

Gertrude is very tiny and shy
With eyes as blue as the sky,
Her hair is of a golden glow
Which is very pretty we all know.

Mynon Fisher is tall and lean
And is a Dry Goods Store fiend
For he has a supposed Cousin you see,
Who not a boy but a cousin she.

Kathleen comes and goes
But never has any beauts;
She has very pretty hair
Which I say with a Dane.

Etta Merrill is slender and neat
Which no one surely cou'd beat
She comes from Londonderry daily
And always acts so very gayly.

Bob Hazelton is a lover of the feminine
He is very modest but full of vim
And to add to these features he's sure
enough blonde
And the girls all take to him like ducks to
a pond.

Our youngest is Mabel
Who is smart and able
She is a sport all around
And is one of the best to be found.

Maurice Read is a stately man
He always stands as straight as he can;
He tries to keep us all on the hop
For now our Maurice is a traffic cop.

Lib Watts as we all know
Has a young athletic beau
And together they do sport
By the light of the silvery moon.

There is a boy in our class, Fred Hodgdon,
by name
He works, he studies and never complains
He is very fond of the grown up babies
Which really should be called the P. A.
ladies.

Her name is Beulah West

She sings like a bird in nest
We all know this lass
As she belongs in the '23 class.

John Whittemore is a boy that drives a
flivver

He stops on the gas until he makes her
shiver
And if by chance he has a girl by his side
You can make up your mind she'll get a
wild ride.

Louise Schultz is very calm
And to her will come no harm;
She never makes a bit of noise
And seldom ever bothers the boys.

Jack is quick and snappy
He always seems so happy;
He can play a villain's part
But is really good at heart.

Oh no she hasn't got a horse
This girl named Bernice Morse
She comes on the speedy ferry
Know as the Chester and Derry.

Harold Low is a debater fine
And if you ever hear his line
You'll surely agree with me
That a fine debater is he.

She stayed at Hildreth Hall
Through four springs and falls;
She's been found a good scout
'Tis Doris I say with out doubt.

Littlefield is a Salem dad
At running the mile he's not so bad
He's not short nor yet is tall
And next to "Ricy" beats them all.

She's got the pretty looks
As found in picture books
She's always, always smiling
Elma, this enchanting darling.

'Mike' Wedluga is a history shark
He's always getting A for a mark
He studies nights, he studies days
And that's the reason he gets these "A's".

Alice Martin is one no doubt
Of whom you've heard a great deal about

For four years to school she has driven a horse
And a very few days she has ever lost.
Tom Tappan is a Chesterite
He's long and lanky and very bright
He's an orator too, which at once may be seen
For he is a member of the debating team.
The girl from East Derry is Marguerite
She's tall and thin and very neat
She's also very bashful and shy
And as for boys she passes them by.

George Koles is a fellow whom you all have seen

He's not short or fat or even lean
Now George is out for a new kind of sport
For don't you see he has a lady to court?

Helen Warren is the one who vamps all the boys

She handles them just like a baby does toys
She makes them go here she makes them go there

And if they don't mind she pulls their hair.

M. A. F. '23

Initials of the Class of 1923.

Wenonah Nichols Alley.
(Her) Ways Noticeably Attractive.

John Ronald Feinauer.
Jabbering, Rollicking Featherweight.

Beatrice Ella Bagley.
Behold Eventually a Bride.

Frank Myron Fisher.
Fine Match for Florence.

Lucy Emily Barker.
Likes Educational Books.

Kathleen Elinor Fitzgerald.
Keeps Evading Familiarity.

Henry Clarence Bartlett.
Honored, Cheered and Beloved.

Lore Alford Frost.
Leaps Admirably Forward.

Kenneth Earl Bartlett.
Keeps Evelyn Busy.

Mavis Agnes Fullerton.
Maiden Always a Favorite.

Evelyn May Bolton.
Ever Misusing her Beau

Beatrice Marion Hartford.
Breaks Many Hearts.

Mariha Erma Boyden.
Manages to Elude Boys.

May Elizabeth Hartshorn.
Many Endearing Habits.

Muriel Clevenshire Church.
Misguided by Careless Conduct.

Robert Carroll Hazelton.
Romance Charms His Heart.

Rose Cohen.
Rather Coquettish.

Alfred Atwood Hodgdon.
Absolutely Abused and Heartbroken.

Myrabel Eunice Condon.
Misses Early Classes.

George Stanley Koles.
Graduates with Sound Knowledge.

Elma Virginia Cooper.
Elegant, Vivid Color.

Gertrude Mae Leighton.
Grows More Lovely.

Addie Arlene Davis.
Accomplishes A's Dutifully.

Ralph Batchelder Littlefield.
Rice's Brave Little-follower.

James Eustis.
Just Enormous.

Harold Day Low.
Honestly Devoted to Lucy.

Marguerite Lupien.	Berliah Inez West.
Mannerly Lady.	Brilliant, Intellectual, Wise.
Mary Alice Martin.	Evelyn Augusta Whipple.
Most Achieving Methods.	Enormous and Always Worthwhile.
Etta Maria Merrill.	Virginia Frances Whitney.
Ever so Many Merits.	Very Fascinating Ways.
Stanley William Morrison.	John Kenneth Whittemore.
Senior Without a Miss.	Just Keeps Whizzing.
Bernice Flora Morse.	Harold George Wiggins.
Benevolent, Friendly and Moderate.	Heartily Gracious to Women.
John Robinson Oakes.	Mabel Worledge.
Jack's Romantically Occupied.	Marvellously Worthy.
Alfred David Paquet.	
All Dimly and a Peach.	
Mary Elizabeth Parks.	
Manner Enjoyable and Pleasing.	
Maurice Willey Read.	
Modest, Well-behaved, Reserved.	
Doris Emily Sanborn.	
Does Eagerly Study.	
Louise Ernestine Schultz.	
Learned, Earnest, Student.	
Emma Christina Schultz.	
Ever a Cheerful Scholar.	
Malcolm John Spottiswoode.	
Matchless, Juvenile Sport.	
Thomas Armour Stewart.	
Talented Athletic Senior.	
Thomas Capron Tappan.	
Thought the City Thrilling.	
Helen Agnes Warren.	
Helen's Ambition to Wed.	
Verna Rae Warren.	
Vamps Robert Willingly.	
Edith Jane Wason.	
Ever Just a Worker.	
Elizabeth Nellie Watts.	
Enjoys None but Walter.	
Leon Michael Wedluga.	
Learns Manifest Wisdom.	

L. T. '23

ATHLETICS OF THE CLASS OF 1923

It has been a great many years since any class has left a record in Athletics that will compare even favorably with that of the Class of 1923.

This Class has been very impartial to sport and much pride is taken in the fact that its record was equally good on the Grid-Iron or Diamond, on the Board or Cinder Tracks, on the Basketball Courts, or in Debating.

During the first year of our Career at Pinkerton, Henry Bartlett was the only member to receive a letter. He received a Football letter. There were several members of the class upon the Football Squad who did not receive a letter.

The next fall or the Fall of 1920 the number in the class to receive the coveted Football Letter increased to three, Henry Bartlett, Thomas Stewart and Maurice Read.

Meanwhile the Girls were very busy on the Basketball Court and Miss Beatrice Bagley, Miss Evelyn Whipple and Miss Mavis Fullerton were the members of our class to receive the Basketball letter.

In the Spring of 1921 Thomas Stewart and Harold Wiggins received the Baseball letter, since there was no track team that Spring no letters were awarded.

In the Fall of 1921 Thomas Stewart was honored with the Captaincy of the Football

Team, and three other members of the class received their letters, they were George Koles, Henry Bartlett and Leon Wedluga.

While the boys were enjoying a successful season in Football the girls were playing Basketball and Miss Verna Warren and Miss Evelyn Whipple earned their letters in this sport.

After the weather had become severe enough to prohibit both football and basketball, a search was made for some indoor sport and was found in the gentle art of Debating.

That season the Debating Team was exceedingly successful. They won the Championship of N. H. at Durham. The members of this class upon this team were Miss Verna Warren, Miss Lucy Barker, Harold Low and Thomas Tappan.

During the Spring of 1922, athletic interest was turned toward Baseball and Track, a successful Baseball season ensued. Thomas Stewart again was honored with a Captaincy and Harold Wiggins was the only other member to receive a Baseball Letter.

Meanwhile Track was progressing in leaps and bounds and a Team was sent to Durham to participate in the Annual Interscholastic Track Meet. This team finished in third place, while the Relay Team won the Championship of New Hampshire.

Those who were on this track team and who received the Track Emblem were Kenneth Bartlett, Henry Bartlett, Alford Frost and Thomas Stewart.

Kenneth Bartlett and Thomas Stewart were also on the Relay Team.

Last Fall or the Fall of 1922 was a record breaker as all the followers of the pigskins will remember. Nine members of the class received the Football letter. They were Captain Henry Bartlett, Manager Stanley Morrison, Thomas Stewart, Kenneth Bartlett, George Koles, Leon Wedluga, Harold Wiggins, Alford Frost and Myron Fisher.

This winter a splendid Debating Team was produced, which lost the Championship

of the State by a single point. The members of the 1923 class upon this team were Harold Low, Thomas Tappan, Maurice Read, George Koles, Miss Lucy Barker, Miss Verna Warren, Miss Mabel Worledge, Miss Doris Sanborn and Miss Rose Cohen.

Another "Indoor Sport" was introduced in the school this winter, in the form of Indoor Track. A board track was constructed under the supervision and direction of Coach Harvell, and practice began immediately after this track was finished.

As a result of expert coaching and hard training on the board track, a relay team was formed and sent down to the Harvard Interscholastic Relay Carnival, which won the Prep School Relay Championship.

Kenneth Bartlett was the only Senior on this team and the only one to receive an Indoor Track Letter.

After the huge snow drifts had disappeared from the Athletic Field, the board track was taken up and work upon the cinders began.

A more perfect ending for the Athletic Career of any Class could not have been asked for. The Track team won every meet of the season. The first was the Triangular meet with Manchester and Nashua on the Home Oval. After this contest they journeyed to Durham where they won the Interscholastic championship of N. H., and where the relay team won another championship. Two weeks later they invaded Manchester to take part in the Kiwanis Club Interscholastic Track Meet. Everybody knows the result. They brought home everything in sight excepting the City Hall but including the four large cups and a wagon load of small ones.

The season was brought to a close with a decided victory over Tilton. The members of the Class who received the Outdoor Track Emblem this season were Kenneth Bartlett, Henry Bartlett, Harold Wiggins, Ralph Littlefield, Thomas Stewart and Alford Frost.

Therefore Ladies and Gentlemen, after carefully reviewing our Athletic Achieve-

ments at Pinkerton, we of the Senior Class pass this record on to the Class of 1924 and to future classes. We sincerely hope that they will surpass it and by doing so they will keep Old Pinkerton before the eyes of this and neighboring states.

S. W. M. '23

The Crow

Caw! Caw! Caw!



Halloo everybody! My, but I've got a lot of news to tell you. Well to begin with:

One moonlight night in April I was strolling about the campus when I heard an awfull commotion that seemed to be coming from the chapel.

There was a great deal of laughing and talking, and my curiosity got the best of me so I flew up onto the window-sill, and what do you suppose I saw?

I saw our dear dignified Seniors dressed up in "Kids' Clothes"! Imagine it! I was so surprised that I didn't know what to make of it until I happened to remember that they were having their annual "Kid Party", and everyone seemed to be having a fine time as "kids" once more.

For two Days April 25 and 26, there seemed to be a lot of secrecy among the Juniors. Groups of boys and girls whispered in the hall between periods and from my perch on top of the door to Room 5 occasionally I'd hear, "tomorrow night? it's so sudden, from seven until ten?"

There was too much secrecy in my mind and I felt slighted but I forgave everybody, because later I was informed that the Juniors were going to have a private social that evening, and I was invited.

I watched them from one of the beams. They danced, and played games. Refreshments were served and about ten o'clock

they cheered, and everybody seemed to have a good time.

In May there was a Mothers and Daughters Banquet given by the Y. W. C. A. in Odd Fellows Building. Here's where I did something that I shouldn't have, and my conscience has been bothering me ever since.

No one invited me so I invited myself. I flew in through the open window and perched on top of the piano. They had a nice supper, but I think that it would have been nicer if I could have had some of it. I was glad in one way that I came because I liked Mrs. Russel, she was a very interesting speaker. But you don't know how embarrassed I was. Everywhere I looked I saw girls and women! Oh how I wished I had stayed at Pinkerton where I belonged. Why, there were so many girls and women that it made me shy, and I only crowed twice. I stayed until the end, but I made a solemn vow that I would never go anywhere I didn't belong again.

On May 13, the Track team went to Durham and brought home all the honors. Quite a few students went to cheer them.

On May 5, the Sophomores gave a Poverty Party. Of course I was there, and I was glad that I went because I enjoyed myself every minute. I perched on one of the chairs on the stage so I could see everything that went on. Some of them looked so funny that I just crowed and crowed and crowed until I couldn't crow any more.

They danced for three or four hours and then they crowded underneath their own banner and cheered, and then the party broke up.

Saturday May 26, was the big Kiwanis Track Meet in Manchester. Everyone seemed excited, and wanted to go. Well, I went anyway, and quite a few of the students and teachers did too.

Oh, but it was exciting, our boys made more points than any of the other school teams, and were awarded the big Kiwanis Cup. Besides that they won a lot of gold and

silver medals, and if there had been any more cups they'd have brought them home too.

Isn't that great? I was so glad that I crowed and crowed and crowed until I couldn't crow any more. It made my throat so sore that I didn't crow for three days after, and I began to get worried, so I got some liniment at Bartlett's Drug Store, and I guess it'll be all right. I hope so anyway because there is another meet June 2.

A few days later the Seniors took their accustomed trip to Boston. As it is only for the Seniors and some of the teachers I couldn't go, so I can't tell you anything about it, but from what I heard when they got back they must have had a good time.

May 30 A reception was given to the Seniors by Mr. and Mrs. Horne and the faculty. There were quite a few students and parents. Everyone got acquainted and then there was an entertainment followed by refreshments served by six Junior girls. They conversed for a while longer and at half-past ten the reception came to a close.

Hurray! June 2 has come at last! The Dual Track Meet, Pinkerton vs. Tilton on the P. A. Field. My throat is as good and strong as ever and I can crow for P. A.

Listen:

Pinkerton Academy won first place in everything but the discs and the hurdles! Think of it! Everyone of our boys did splen-

did, and are we proud of them? Well, I should say we are! P. A.'s score was 69 2-3. Tilton's 29 1-3.

And now for the surprise. No one seemed to know anything about it until Saturday, the day of the track meet, but Mr. Horne had put a cup up for the winning team, so now Pinkerton has added another cup to her collection.

There is no need to ask me if I was glad. After the meet was over I hopped down from my perch on the grand-stand and started up and down the field. I know I wasn't polite but I couldn't help it, I had to do something, I was so proud.

Very soon it will be graduation and our beloved Seniors that have been with us for four years will be leaving us. I know we shall all miss them and it will seem lonesome next year without them.

Just think, three long months before I shall see any of you dear students again.

I know that I shall be lonesome too, but I'll hop around and have a lot of news to tell you when you come back.

I am wishing you Seniors success and happiness in whatever path you may choose in life. And to the rest of the students and teachers, I wish a Happy Vacation.

Good-by until September boys and girls. Caw! Caw! Caw!

N. M. S. '24

Class Prophecy

The other day being in a reminiscent state of mind I started to look through my diaries. There was one of 1923 which particularly struck my eye and taking it down, it fell open to May 18. Under this date more than ten years before I had gone to Boston with the Senior Class, visiting the State House, Custom House, and other places of interest.

Under the date of May 19 I saw the entry "visited the Navy Yard this afternoon be-

fore coming home, and signed the register on the Constitution."

I laughed as I read this entry, for at that time instead of signing the register as I supposed I had enlisted in the Navy for a term of ten years from which I had just been discharged—the reason for my being in New York.

Having sent a large deposit of money to the Derry National Bank of which Jack Oakes is the president, I decided to return

to the scenes of school days and to see again my class-mates. Accordingly I took a train for Boston and arrived without accident. As all the Pullman chairs were taken I was obliged to ride in a day coach. While I was standing in the vestibule before entering the car, a beautiful lady accompanied by her maid approached. The lady gave me a scrutinizing look and bowed. I bowed in return at which she spoke my name. I recognized her as Virginia Whitney. She invited me to ride with her as she had two tickets, and I had a very pleasant talk with her. I learned that she was an actress and had been playing in New York that winter and lived with her married friend who had been Louise Trowbridge and who lived on a large estate on the Hudson with a lot of "Brooks" on it. She invited me to a house party at her summer home on Beaver Lake and I promised to be present.

Just before leaving the train at Boston the maid entered and I recognized her as Mary Parks. Mary had overcome that troublesome habit of losing things, (suit cases especially) and was now a very good maid, only that she talked too much, (very different from what she was in school).

After arriving I went immediately to the Hotel Tourraine and engaged a suite of room, and then went for a walk about town. Going by Child's I began to feel rather hungry. I went in and was approached by the head waiter. I recognized him in an instant as Alfred Paquet and obtained very good service. He told me that Muriel Church was a milliner on Tremont Street and was doing a large business. Helen Warren and her husband were assisting her and Kathleen Fitzgerald was her buyer in Paris.

Proceeding along Washington Street I noticed by the press bulletins in front of the Globe office that Alfond Frost had just won the high jump at the Olympic meet and that Tommy Stewart had established a new world record in pole vault. Quite a crowd had collected to read these bulletins and was growing rapidly larger, when a very big

policeman came along and ordered the crowd to move on. By his size and gruff voice I knew that he was John Feinauer, and making myself known to him we had an interesting talk. He said that there was some one at the Portland Street garage whom I knew so I went there. When I entered a slight man wearing horn-rimmed glasses came up and asked my business. I told him the circumstances and he smiled and took me into the office. As we entered the outside office I saw lettered on one of the doors "M. A. Fullerton, Private", and to this door he conducted me. Mavis was seated at a large desk, powdering her nose and as we entered she looked up and said, "Hullo, John." Then she recognized me. The man was John Whittemore, and owing to his knowledge of cars and his careful driving was her right hand man. She gave me a large Chevrolet to use while I was in the city and I started out again.

During the evening I was taken violently ill and called in the first doctor I could get. He made an investigation and informed me in scholarly language that I was suffering from overeating. He said that one who had been accustomed to a restricted diet often did this when on a vacation. When he said this I remembered him as Tom Tappan, who was one of the foremost doctors in the United States. He said that his success had been due to Mabel Worledge's help as a nurse. He stayed with me for some time and said that George Koles was running a fresh-air sanitorium and insisted that all his patients keep their windows open even on the coldest day. Evelyn Bolton had given up her career as an instructor of History and had become his assistant and spoke very loudly of his success.

Feeling much better the next morning I started for Harvard. There I found "Mike" Wedluga directing base-ball practice and Henry Bartlett coach of football. Bart told me that Verna Warren and Lucy Barker were entomologists at University Museum of Harvard. I went to call on them but

found only Lucy at home. Verna and Bob had just started on their honeymoon after which they would return to Bob's parish. Dr. Hazelton as he was called was a well-known and respected preacher, having overcome his mania for matching pennies.

Later Lucy took me to visit a friend. We entered a large gloomy room filled with busts and statues. Coming around an exceptionally large one we saw Harold Low working. He said this statue was the best he ever did and he hoped to make enough from it to get married, at which Lucy turned very red.

That evening I attended a radio concert. Hearing a man raving about variable condensers, batteries, grids and wave-lengths. I joined the crowd which had gathered. I recognized him as Maurice Read, but as the concert was to begin almost immediately and he was chief operator, I could not talk to him. Another surprise came later when Rose Cohen gave a violin solo from Paginini over the radio.

The next day I started for Derry but getting confused on the road stopped to inquire the way at a sort of tea-room and art shop. I was very much surprised when I saw Beatrice Hartford and Etta Merrill were the owners. They had with great difficulty put aside their innumerable love affairs and settled down to business in Londonderry, the former managing the tea-room and the latter selling many of her own artistic paintings. After a refreshing drink of cool lemonade I continued on my way.

Thinking of visiting Pinkerton I went that way and driving up in front of the school I saw a tall scholarly young woman supporting an older man. I recognized them both and called, but only Myrabel Condon answered. As I came up the steps the gentleman did greet me but said as he had not had occasion to speak loudly in the year previous he had lost his voice to some extent, but was still happy because his daughter's voice was increasing in volume every day. Leaving them I went down by Hild-

reth Hall and saw Doris Sanborn and Addie Davis in the old familiar swing on the piazza. They said they were in charge of the place and had been ever since graduation as they could not bear the thoughts of leaving and perhaps being separated. While we were talking a tall distinguished man came in and Doris said it was Malcolm Spottiswoode. He had lost his hilarious ways and said that owing to his diligence and knowledge acquired, he had had no trouble in getting the position of foreman at Hood's Farm.

After a short talk I started for Beaver Lake and found Virginia's home to be a beautiful one surrounded by extensive lawns and trees. There followed me up the drive a large limousine containing three ladies and a gentleman. They were Gertrude Leighton, Wenonah Alley and Beatrice Bagley. Gertrude was the leading lady in the "Follies for 1933" and Wenonah and Beatrice were chorus girls in the same show. The gentleman was Myron Fisher, the advance advertising agent of the company. Among the other arrivals there were old classmates. The first I recognized was Harold Wiggins. He was candidate for presidency on a Prohibition ticket. He told me that May Hartshorn was his chief opponent. I also learned from him that Edith Wason was a Senator from New Hampshire, often introducing bills in the Senate with great bursts of oratory which made her famous all over the country. Seeing a tall gentleman towering over the heads of the crowd I recognized the boyish smiling face and moved over towards him. It was Fred Hodgdon who, after trying all the girls in school, had finally settled down, having married Beulah West. They were running a hen farm and raised fancy chickens for Bernice Morse's "True" Weight Market.

The next day an aeroplane driven by Ralph Littlefield arrived. He said that as he could never run fast enough to suit himself he had bought an aeroplane and held the record for fast driving.

A great many classmates were not present but I learned something of each one. Elizabeth Watts was not able to come because, being just before the commencement season she had a big rush of work at her dressmaking shop in New York. Alice Martin was so busy defending Marguerite Lupine in a breach of promise suit that neither she nor Marguerite could come. During the evening Martha Boyden who was a famous dancing teacher in Manchester gave a fine exhibition of her art. While this dance was going on I looked about and observed a short distance away a sorrel-topped gentleman talking to a dark-haired severe looking young lady, and stepped closer. He was talking excitedly and volubly on the preservation of groves and then of course I recognized him as Kenneth Bartlett. The woman puzzled me for a time until I learned she was a professional chaperone. So then I knew that she was Evelyn Whipple.

Elma Cooper, who was always so cheerful and smiling at school was an old maid

living in East Derry. I went to call but the only thing she could talk about was the young people of the day. She believed they were altogether too frivolous and did not take a serious enough view of life. I remarked to one of the guests on the superior quality and deliciousness of the food, and was told that the Schultz girls had gone into the catering business and that all the food was provided by them.

On my return to the city I picked up a morning paper and happened to notice in the society column an account of the house party. Noticing something familiar about the item I found that it was written by Stanley Morrison who was society editor of the "Boston Herald."

As I have now seen or heard about all of my classmates and have nothing of importance to take up my time I am resolved to devote the remaining years of my life to perfecting a system whereby a course in Chemistry may be passed without writing experiments. J. E. '23

Will of the Class of 1923

We, the class of 1923, of Pinkerton Academy in the town of Derry, County of Rockingham and State of New Hampshire, being of sound mind and disposing memories, realizing the uncertainty of life, fate and our teachers do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament.

To Mr. Horne we bequeath our smiles.

To the Faculty we leave our sincere appreciation for the help they have willingly given us throughout our four years of struggling.

I, Beatrice Bagley, bequeath my sweet voice to Herbert Huntoon, so that he may take my place in Glee Club.

I, Lucy Barker, bequeath my A's to any underclassman who gets "hard up."

I, Alfred Paquet, do give to Harry Hodgkin the privilege of flirting with the wait-

resses at Child's restaurant, while on the Boston trip.

I, Wenonah Alley, bequeath my smiling countenance to Emerson Pond in hopes that it will keep him from being sober, at least part of the time.

I, James Eustis, begrudgingly bequeath my favorite book to Harvey Bloomfield—it's The Cook Book.

I, Rose Cohen, bequeath my willingness to plug to Dick Barker, hoping that in time he may aspire to his sister's intellectuality.

I, Louisa Trowbridge, bequeath to any fortunate Junior girl the pleasure of walking beside the babbling Brook.

I, Alfred Hodgdon, do willingly give and bequeath my growing yet unseen love for the girls to Rufus Rice who has not yet been affected this way.

I, Verna Warren, bequeath my interest in

Room 6 to Evelyn Thereau as I am transferring my interests to Dartmouth.

I, Elma Cooper, bequeath my rosy cheeks to Mary O'Neil in order that she may save time in getting to school mornings.

I, Henry Bartlett, bequeath my knowledge of and interest in American History to Marjorie Frost on condition that I may continue my interest in the Sherman Acts.

I, Mavis Fullerton, bequeath my affection for Evelyn to some one else, realizing that I can't monopolize her any longer.

I, Doris Sanborn, bequeath my pleasant ways to anyone who is inclined to be crabby.

I, Malcolm Spottiswoode, bequeath a few feet of my surplus height to Dorothy Benson, so that she may aspire to higher things.

I, Addie Davis, bequeath to Richard True my unusual speed in typewriting, hoping that it will speed him on his way to Room 6.

I, Kenneth Bartlett, bequeath to William Reynolds my love for dancing and jazz.

I, Muriel Church, bequeath to any enemy of mine, the sole right of occupying my room at Hildreth Hall.

I, Harold Wiggins, bequeath to Kenneth Beardsley the brilliancy and intellect which enabled me to complete my course at Pinkerton in so short a time.

I, Martha Boyden, bequeath to Ardel Messenger my bobbed hair, thinking that her heavy braid will tax too much the head of a Sophomore.

I, John Whittemore, do give and bequeath my horse to anyone feeling competent to drive such a frisky animal.

I, Leon Wedluga, do give and bequeath to Odell Whitney my oratorical ability to be displayed in Philomathean, so that my memory will be perpetual in that assembly.

I, Helen Warren, bequeath to the future Domestic Science girls the privilege of disposing of their products to any unfortunate customers at recess.

I, John Oakes, do give and bequeath one of my numerous pairs of clocked socks to Mary Campbell, hoping that they will get her up in time for chapel.

I, Myrabel Condon, do bequeath my bashful ways to my brother Dana, as I fear that he is becoming sadly in need of them.

I, Thomas Tappan, do bequeath to any one in next year's Senior class the painful result of having the roof of my mouth sunburned while looking at the hall buildings in Boston.

I, Evelyn Whipple, bequeath to Joseph Lisbon my dimples, hoping that he will use them to as good advantage as I have.

I, Harold Low, bequeath to Kenneth Oakes a key to the laboratory door so that he may not have the trouble I did in getting up into the tower.

I, Kathleen Fitzgerald, bequeath my curly locks to Lewis Brooks so that in rainy weather his hair will not be quite so stringy.

I, May Hartshorn, do give and bequeath to Shepard Senter my loud voice to be used in chapel.

We, Beatrice Hartford and Marguerite Lupien bequeath our boisterous ways to any girl in the Junior class, preferably Ruth Warren.

I, George Koles, do give and bequeath to any young hopeful the right to sneak out of Hildreth on week nights unobserved.

I, Alice Martin, bequeath my enjoyable ride from Londonderry to Pinkerton to my brother Ralph.

I, Stanley Morrison, bequeath to Chester Greene my startling brilliancy and witticism to be displayed in History IV.

I, Edith Wason, bequeath my love for all things frivolous to Wilma Benson.

I, Maurice Read, bequeath to any round shouldered freshman my own discovery on how to walk erect.

I, Bernice Morse, bequeath to any girl who is fond of bright colors—my hair.

I, Mary Parks, do very unwillingly give to Elwood the pleasure of riding to school with some other girl.

I, Thomas Stewart, bequeath to Ulric Bailey my athletic ability so that his coupled with mine shall make him famous.

I, Etta Merrill, bequeath my secret for

speed in short hand to Betty Simpson on condition that she will not confide in Miss MacCallum.

I, Robert Hazelton, bequeath to any boy the right to accompany Verna Warren to and from Pinkerton during her post-graduate course, provided that I may resume that responsibility on all vacations.

We, Mabel Worledge and Evelyn Bolton, do give and bequeath to any girl in next year's Senior class the chance to sleep undisturbed at the Franklin Square House and not to be rudely awakened by any unsympathetic girls who are unable to sleep.

I, John Feinauer, do bequeath to any Sophomore who is overwrought my books on calories which have rendered me great services.

I, Ralph Littlefield, bequeath to any Junior boy the right to sit at my desk next year, hoping that he will not have the misfortune of being compelled to pass notes continually, especially for the other fellow.

I, Beulah West, bequeath to Natalie Short my medals received during my school course so that by the time she becomes a Senior she may have quite a collection.

I, Myron Fisher, bequeath to Ernest Thomas my fatherly interest in my cousin, Florence Clark.

We, Louise and Emma Schultz, bequeath to any two of next year's Senior girls the right to stay over in Boston after the trip, and incidentally take a few days' vacation.

I, Alford Frost, recalling the unfortunate incident in the Harvard Museum bequeath to Earl Eddy a push-cart so that he may be better able to carry the girls' bags while on the Boston trip.

I, Elizabeth Watts, bequeath to Olive Allard my love for war, reminding her that war is spelled W. A. R.

I, Gertrude Leighton, do joyfully bequeath my position as secretary to any Junior willing to take such a responsibility upon herself.

Accordingly we, the class of 1923, bequeath to the class of 1924 the right to have all

the social activities that we have had during the year 1923.

To 1925 we bequeath the horseshoe which may be found above the clock in Room 6. We hope that it will bring you all the good luck that it brought to us.

To 1926 we bequeath our example in diligent work and model deportment. We hope that they may ever follow it.

In witness whereof we, the class of 1923, the testators, have to this, our will, set our hand seal on this thirteenth day of June in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and twenty-three.

Executor to serve without bonds

PERLEY L. HORNE

Witnesses: Helen Plummer, Sylvia Clark, John Condon.

V. F. W. '23

CLASS OF 1923

Henry Bartlett

Nickname: "Bart"

Favorite Expression: "Signals"

Favorite Occupation: Riding up to East Derry.

Favorite Song: "Margie"

Ambition: To know the Sherman Act.

Harold Low

Nickname: "Shrimp"

Favorite Expression: "Tough Luck"

Favorite Occupation: Playing Golf

Favorite Song: "My feet May be big but I've got a good Understanding".

Ambition: To work in Father's store.

Gertrude Leighton

Nickname "Gerrie"

Favorite Expression: "Oh I dunno"

Favorite Occupation: Studying Greek.

Favorite Song: "Tommie"

Ambition: To be leader of a Girls' Camp.

Lucy Barker

Nickname: "Lu"

Favorite Expression: "Gosh whiz"

Favorite Occupation: "Loafing"

Favorite Song: "Oh What a Pal is Verna!"

Ambition: To keep busy.

Evelyn Whipple	Favorite Expression: "Do Tell"
Nickname: "Eve"	Favorite Occupation: Debating.
Favorite Expression: "Oh Mavis"	Favorite Song: "That Tumble Down Shack in Athlone".
Favorite Occupation: Waiting for Wednesday, Friday and Sunday nights.	Ambition: To be manager of Hildreth Hall.
Favorite Song: "His hair Isn't Red but they call him 'Rusty'".	Evelyn Bolton
Ambition: To win an argument.	Nickname: "Ev"
John Oakes	Favorite Expression: "Oh Gertie"
Nickname: "Jack".	Favorite Occupation: Waiting on Table.
Favorite Expression: "My eye" or "What says?"	Favorite Song: "Just A Week From Today"
Favorite Occupation: A Marlboro Road	Ambition: To be waited upon.
Favorite Song: "The Rosary"	George Koles
Ambition: To be able to drive with one hand	Nickname: "George"
Thomas Tappan	Favorite Expression: "Let George do it".
Nickname: "Tom"	Favorite Occupation: Slinging Hash.
Favorite Expression: "Yea Verily, I say unto you, Swear not at all."	Favorite Song: "Dearest"
Favorite Occupation: Walking on the Derry Road (from Chester).	Ambition: To be Chef at Child's Restaurant, Boston.
Favorite Song: "Sweet Lady"	Louise Schultz
Ambition: To be an engineer on the C. & D.	Nickname: "Lou"
Mae Hartshorn	Favorite Expression: "Say"
Nickname: "Maezie"	Favorite Occupation: Keeping quiet.
Favorite Expression: "You Tell 'em"	Favorite Song: "I Don't know Why I Should Cry over You"
Favorite Occupation: "Today's History—Tomorrow's Latin"	Ambition: To be a Teacher.
Favorite Song: "Variety is the Spice of Life"	John Whittemore
Ambition: To "Have" the name of her favorite song.	Nickname: "Professor"
Verna Warren	Favorite Occupation: Speeding (?)
Nickname: "Sister" or "Ver" (occasionally)	Favorite Expression: "Giddyap Jehosaphet!"
Favorite Occupation: "Raving" (in her own little way!)	Favorite Song: "I had to Get out and Get Under to Fix up My Automobile!"
Favorite Expression: "Oh the dickens"	Ambition: To get a blue ribbon on his old white horse.
Favorite Song: "All Over Nothing At All"	Emma Schultz
Ambition: To have a good "understanding".	Nickname "Em"
Addie Davis	Favorite Expression "Get out of here"
Nickname: Addie	Favorite Occupation: Walking over to the movies—(to see whom?)
Favorite Expression: "Oh—My Goodness"	Ambition: To be a History teacher.
Favorite Occupation: Look over Shorthand Note Books,	Edith Wason
Favorite Song: "He'll Come Along Some Fine Day"	Nickname "Edie"
Ambition: To grow tall.	Favorite Expression: "Never speaks"
Doris Sanborn	Favorite Occupation: Fixing her dress so the prettiest part will show.
Nickname: Doris	Favorite Song: "Tomorrow"
	Favorite Song: "I've Got the Wonder Where he's going. When he's Coming Back again Blues"

Ambition: To be a movie actress.	Martha Boyden
Kathleen Fitzgerald	Nickname: "Bobby"
Nickname: "Katie"	Favorite Expression: "Hang it all"
Favorite Expression: Has none	Favorite Occupation: To keep that ford truck together.
Favorite Occupation: "Shouting" (just imagine it!)	Favorite Song: "I've Got the Blues"
Favorite Song: "Nobody ever Cultivated Me Ha-Ha I'm Wild".	Ambition: To Vamp a darkie.
Ambition: To become a politician.	Loom Wedluga
Marguerite Lupien	Nickname: "Mike"
Nickname: "Maggie"	Favorite Expression: "Oh Lady Lady"
Favorite Expression: "Gee"	Favorite Occupation: Flirting
Favorite Occupation: Walking.	Favorite Song: "The Storm"
Favorite Song: "How You Goin to Keep 'em Down on the Farm"	Ambition: To be able to keep the girls away from him.
Ambition: To live in Boston.	Beatrice Hartford
Alfred Paquet	Nickname: "B"
Nickname: "Pokies"	Favorite Expression: "Where I am, there is 'Maggie' also!"
Favorite Expression: "Is that a joke? Tell me when to laugh"	Favorite Occupation: Keeping Quiet.
Favorite Occupation: Being Good!!!	Favorite Song: "It's a long long way to Londonderry"
Favorite Song: "Who's Sorry Now?"	Ambition: To own the "M. and D." Car Line.
Ambition: I'm Ambition Personified.	Etta Merrill
Myrabel Condon	Nickname: Etta
Nickname: "Kid" or "Myra"	Favorite Expression: "Really!"
Favorite Expression: "Hi there old artichoke"	Favorite Occupation: Painting.
Favorite Occupation: Keeping her hair straight.	Favorite Song: "I could paint a barber's pole if you'd give me the striped paint."
Favorite Song: "Whispering Hope"	Ambition: To be an artist.
Ambition: To follow in her father's footsteps.	Alford Frost
Robert Hazelton	Nickname: "Frosty" or "Al"
Nickname: "Bob"	Favorite Expression: "Oh Ruth",
Favorite Expression: "Oh Raspberries"	Favorite Occupation: High Jumping.
Favorite Occupation: Dreaming on the "C & D".	Favorite Song: "She's a Blonde, and So'm I"
Favorite Song: "One Fleeting Hour"	Ambition: To break his record.
Ambition: "To overcome my tendency to get peeved easily."	Rose Cohen
Mary Parks	Nickname: "Rosie"
Nickname: "Sliver"	Favorite Expression: "Oh dear"
Favorite Expression: "Oh Girl"	Favorite Occupation: Getting A's
Favorite Occupation: Riding to and from school.	Favorite Song: "Dreams"
Favorite Song: "Jingle Bells."	Ambition: To be a private secretary, (whose?)
Ambition: To take a P. G. course (I wonder why??)	Maurice Read
	Nickname: "Mossy"
	Favorite Expression: "Oh Hang."
	Favorite Occupation: Radio
	Favorite Song: "She Used to Love Me but It's All Over Now"
	Ambition: To get to school on time.

Malcolm Spottiswoode	Ambition: To have a change once in a while.
Nickname: "Mal"	Wentzah Alley
Favorite Expression: "Oh Hay"	Nickname: "Win"
Favorite Occupation: Going to the Movies!	Favorite Expression: "Oh My Gosh"
Favorite Song: "Carol"-ina in the morning"	Favorite Occupation: Humming.
Ambition: To be short and fat. (any hopes!)	Favorite Song: "All of 'em"
Virginia Whitney	Ambition: To canoe on some "Pond!"
Nickname: "Virgie" or "V"	Beatrice Bagley
Favorite Expression: "Honestly?" "My Word"	Nickname: "Bea"
Favorite Occupation: Growing fat.	Favorite Expression: "Oh Heavens!"
Favorite Song: "I want to dove you while the music's playing"	Favorite Occupation: Singing.
Ambition: To be a Man-hater.	Favorite Song: "Anytime, Anyday, Anywhere"
Stanley Morrison	Ambition: To be a first class Stenographer.
Nickname: "Stan" or "Shrimp!"	Kenneth Bartlett
Favorite Expression: "I don't mean to brag, but I'm Good!"	Nickname: "Kensley"
Favorite Occupation: Running around.	Favorite Expression: "Shut up!"
Favorite Song: "Lost—A Wonderful Girl"	Favorite Occupation: Running after the girls.
Ambition: To find her!	Favorite Song: "That Red Head Gal"
James Eustis	Ambition: To be "Paddock the Second."
Nickname: "Jimmie"	Ralph Littlefield
Favorite Expression: "Ye Gods!"	Nickname: "Ralphie"
Favorite Occupation: Making love.	Favorite Expression: "A!!!!"
Favorite Song: "Teasin"	Favorite Occupation: "Running"
Ambition: To be a sailor.	Favorite Song: "Annie" Laurie!!
Mabel Worledge	Ambition: To run Canobie Lake.
Nickname: "Marble"	Bernice Monroe
Favorite Expression: "Oh the deacon"	Nickname: "Bunny"
Favorite Occupation: Powdering her nose.	Favorite Expression: "My Word"
Favorite Song: "For Every Smile He Gave Me I've Shed a Thousand Tears"	Favorite Occupation: Doing French.
Ambition: To get a mirror that won't break.	Favorite Song: "Smiles".
Myron Fisher	Ambition: To be "True" Blue.
Nickname: "Fish-cakes"	Mavis Fullerton
Favorite Expression: "Dog Meat"	Nickname: Mavis
Favorite Occupation: Talking with F. C. '23	Favorite Expression: "My Lord"
Favorite Song: "I Didn't Raise My Voice to be a Glee Club."	Favorite Occupation: "Arguing"
Ambition: To go to Florence (Italy of course!)	Favorite Song: "I See Him Every Day"
Alfred Hodgdon	Ambition: To have her own way.
Nickname: "Fred"	Harold Wiggins
Favorite Expression: "Hold her Nute",	Nickname: "Hick"
Favorite Occupation: "Smiling" (I'm always good-natured!).	Favorite Expression: (Wouldn't look good in print).
Favorite Song: "When You and I Were Young Maggie"	Favorite Occupation: "Jazzing"
	Favorite Song: "Do it Again."
	Ambition: "To keep still."
	Louise Trowbridge
	Nickname: "Squeeze"

Favorite Expression: "Oh Go on, I want you
go!"

Favorite Occupation: Studying.

Favorite Song: "I believe What He Tells
Me."

Ambition: To live on an Estate with lots
of little "Brooks" on it!!!

John Feinauer

Nickname: "Johnnie"

Favorite Expression: "Oh Shoot!"

Favorite Occupation: Typewriting.

Favorite Song: "I may be Fat but Oh My!"

Ambition: To invent a Typewriter that won't
make mistakes.

Helen Warren

Nickname: "Hel"

Favorite Expression: Oh

Favorite Occupation: Nothing Special.

Favorite Song: "The Gay Young Bride"

Ambition: Not to lose "him".

Muriel Church

Nickname: "Muriel"

Favorite Expression: Never heard her use
any slang.

Favorite Occupation: Helping Helen

Favorite Song: "Roamin' in the Gloamin"

Ambition: To be a basket-ball coach.

Elizabeth Wattis

Nickname: "Lib"

Favorite Expression: "I don't know"

Favorite Occupation: Visiting the Sick (?)

Favorite Song: "You'll be well soon—little
boy"

Ambition: To be a Nurse.

Elma Cooper

Nickname: "Al"

Favorite Expression: "Oh Gee—Really"

Favorite Occupation: Being Cross.

Favorite Song: "When the Moon Plays Peek-
a-Boo."

Ambition: To be an old maid!

Thomas Stewart

Nickname: "Tommie"

Favorite Expression: "I'll tell the world"

Favorite Occupation: Mumbling.

Favorite Song: "Nobody Cares"

Ambition: To be a toe-dancer.

Alice Martin

Nickname: "Lanky"

Favorite Expression: "Aw Gee"

Favorite Occupation: Riding a bicycle.

Favorite Song: "Just a little Love Song"

Ambition: To be a teacher.

Beulah West

Nickname: "Billy"

Favorite Expression: "Do you think so?"

Favorite Occupation: Getting out of Sten-
ography exam.

Favorite Song: Down by the Old "Mill
Stream."

Ambition: To go to Business College.

I WONDER

What Leroy was doing with his right
hand all the way from Durham.

What he was saying to himself.

If he thought the door was haunted.

How he liked the front seat.

Grinds

K. V. '25 History II: "The name of the
horse was Robert and was stretched out for
six miles."

"I say, dad, what keeps us from falling
off from the earth when we are upside
down?"

Father: "Why, the law of gravity, of
course."

"But how did folks stay on before that
law was passed?"

"Your fish won't be long now, sir".

"Tell me," said the patient diner, "what-
er-bait are you using?"

Mr. C. English III. "Where did English
Drama start

Elwood: "In England."

Mr. C.: "Correct."

R. B. '25 (Correlating Latin) "Shall I
change what I haven't got? Well anyway
I'll underline it on top."

"How did he do it."

Chem. J. E. '23: "Why does a flame go

up?"

M. L. W. '23: "Gravity."

(Over the Phone unknown) "Is the street light on in front of your home?"

E. E. '22: "It is burning."

(Unknown): "Well blow it out and pull in the side-walks."

"What is in the bottle with no label?"

"Druggist: "That's what you use when you can't read the prescription."

"I think I'll go on the films."

"Fine! I just know you'll be a star."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, whenever I get near you I seem to be in heaven."

"Is this a healthy town?"

"I should say so. When I came here I hadn't the strength to utter a word. I had scarcely any hair on my head; I couldn't walk across the room, and had to be lifted from my bed."

"You give me hope. How long have you been here?"

"I was born here."

STATISTICS OF CLASS 1922

Annis, Helen Louise	Londonderry
Clark, Emerson Music Stone	
Bidwell, Evelyn Beatrice	Derry
N. H. University.	
Bogle, Alexander Patrick	Derry
N. H. University.	
Call, Wilma	Derry
Keene Normal	
Colby, Arville Nesmith	Londonderry
Teacher	
Cotton, Dorothy Rush	Derry
Leland Power School and New England Conservatory.	
Dicey, Irving Tilton	East Derry
Graduate Student, Pinkerton.	
Downing, Edna Louise	Derry
Office, Derry Shoe Company	
Durette, Rose Alma	Derry
St. Joseph's Hospital, Nashua	
Eddy, Earl Eugene	Derry

Graduate Student, Pinkerton.	
Emerson, Dorothy Elizabeth	Derry
Jackson College	
Frost, Luella Evelyn	Derry
Elliott Hospital, Manchester	
Fulerton, Gladys Edith	Derry
Bookkeeper, Steele Furniture Co.	
George, Marian Josephine	Derry
Graduate Student, Pinkerton.	
George, Thelma Payne	Derry
F. L. George Company	
Gillespie, Margaret Frances Somerville, Mass.	
John Hancock Insurance Co., Boston	
Gove, Frances	Derry
Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences.	
Hall, Charles Henry	Londonderry
At home	
Hall, George Leon	Londonderry
At home	
Holton, Jessie Mae	Hudson
At home	
Kelley, Earl Edward	Derry
Wentworth Institute, Boston	
Lupein, Ethel Mae	East Derry
Keene Normal School	
O'Neil Helen Nathalie	Derry
Office, Derry Shoe Company	
Parks, Harold Daniel	Londonderry
Farming	
Pillsbury, Walter Aiken	Londonderry
Dartmouth College	
Rand, Bernice	East Derry
Office, Derry Shoe Company	
Reynolds, Arthur Warren Jr.	Derry Village
Graduate Student, Pinkerton.	
Robertson, John Thomas	Fall River, Mass.
Salesman, New York City	
Romprey, Dona Gertrude	Derry
Teacher	
Smith, Arline Thelma	Derry Village
Graduate Student, Pinkerton.	
Smith, Hampton	Gloucester, Mass.
Spottiswoode, Peter Thomas	Chester
Farming	
Stearns, Frances Mae	Derry Village
Office, Emerson Shoe Company	
Stevens, Fred Elmer	Derry
Clerk, W. H. Warren	

Swett, Eleanor Louise
Wells, Vinal Pauline
Teacher
Wilson, Ethel Margaret
Graduate Student, Pinkerton.

Derry Village
Derry
Derry

Exchanges

We wish to express our appreciation of the following exchanges:

The Argus, Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.
The Boston University News, Boston University, Boston, Mass.

The Crimson and Gray, Mary E. Wells H. S., Southbridge, Mass.

The Echo, Methuen H. S., Methuen, Mass.
The Lawrence Bulletin, Lawrence H. S., Lawrence, Mass.

The Lookout, Derby H. S., Derby, Conn.
The Middlebury Campus, Middlebury college, Middlebury, Vt.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard H. S., Old orchard, Maine.

The Rensselaer Polytechnic, Troy, N. Y.
The Vermillion, Southern La. Institute, Lafayetta, La.

The Argus, Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.
A very neat, well arranged paper. Your literary department is very interesting but we think more space for athletics would add considerable to the paper.

The Lawrence Bulletin, Lawrence H. S., Lawrence, Mass. A very good school paper although the various departments might be more complete.

The Oceanic, Old Orchard H. S., Old Orchard, Maine. We wish to congratulate you on your school paper. Very complete in all departments. Your especially fine cuts are the best yet.

The Lookout, Derby H. S., Derby, Conn. Very interesting little magazine but we suggest that you have an exchange department. Your alumni department is fine as it is interesting to know what other once in our places are now doing.

D. W. M. '24

EXCHANGE JOKES

History Questions

Why does Pocohontas?
Why did William Tell?
Why won't Ivanhoe?
Why was Florence out when the Night was in gale?
Was Daniel a Boone to the business of the pioneer days?
How did Virginia Dare to brave the wilds of the little colony in America?
What would have happened to this country if Abe did not Lincoln the Southern States to the Union?

B. R. L.—Ex.

The Helpful Recruit

"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new assistant.

Galley 16

"Yes," returned the officer.

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim 'em with a pair of scissors."

—Ex.

A conversation

The typewriter to the pencils said,

"Now will you tell me please,

Why, when I have no doors nor locks,

I have so many keys?"

"We do not know," the pencils said,

"It's queer as quadrupeds.

But can you tell us why we wear

Our rubbers on our heads?"

—Ex.

Freshman to Sophomore: "Did you hear the latest?"

Sophomore: "No."

Fresh: "Up in Vermont they are putting tissue paper around potatoes before planting them."

Soph. (unconcerned): "Why?"

Fresh: "To keep the dirt out of their eyes."

—Ex.

"Generally speaking, I am—," she began.

"You sure are," he finished.

"What," she asked.

"Generally speaking."

—Ex.

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